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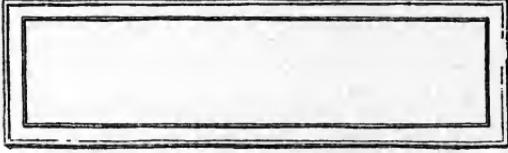
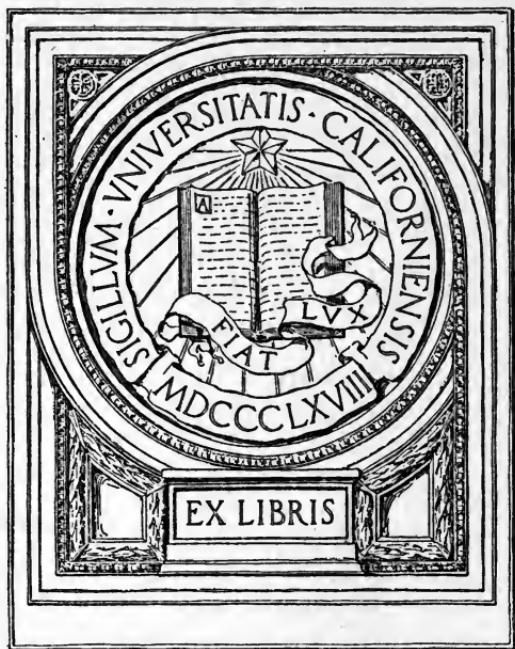


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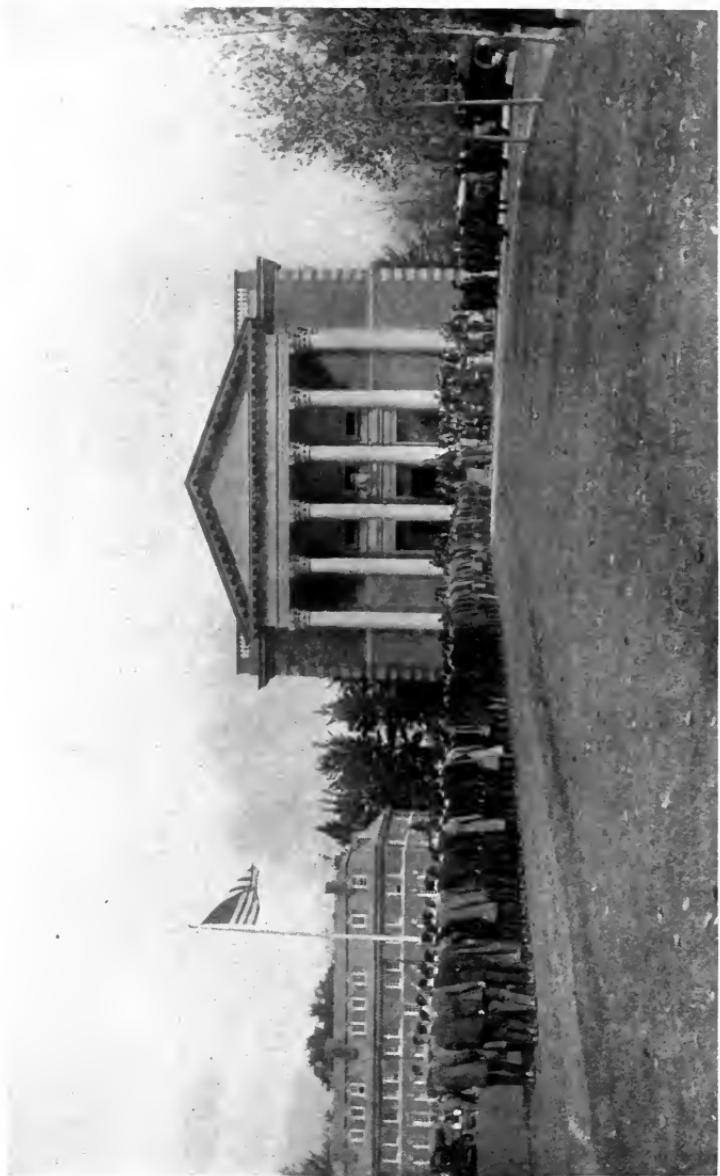
THE AWARD OF
THE WILLIAMS MEDAL

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GRACE HALL, OCTOBER 17, 1919

THE AWARD
OF
THE WILLIAMS MEDAL

WILLIAMS COLLEGE
VICTORY CELEBRATION



OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH
1919

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Sept 9 Williams College

TO WILLIAMS
COLLEGE

FOREWORD

 *T* was supremely fitting that Williams College should be the first American college to celebrate the achievements of its sons in the great war for civilization. Founded by a soldier who died valiantly fighting for his country, Williams has always been in the front trenches when an enemy was to be repulsed, and her record in this last and greatest of wars is one of which she has a right to be proud; it is one of which her sister colleges are also proud; for it shows of what stuff the American college man is made.

The sun rose on October 17, 1919, upon a cold and desolate landscape, sodden from three days of autumnal rains; but at 10 o'clock its rays broke through the lowering clouds, and by the time the procession was ready to move, the hills encircling the Williamstown valley were resplendent in their royal raiment of gold and red. And then occurred a sight such as Williamstown had never seen before—a sight which thrilled every beholder. The long academic procession, which had marched down the hill from the President's house and up the broad lawn to the steps of Grace Hall, opened ranks, forming a line down which

the Chief Marshal, followed by the colors and the band, marched to meet the khaki-clad heroes. To the stirring strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" the military division, preceded by Major-General Wood, the Governor of Massachusetts and the Trustees of the College, marched through the file of undergraduates and alumni.

It would be difficult to convey to one who was not there, an idea of the deep emotional and spiritual sensations which the programme of the day's exercises evoked. They were probably not due to any one event, but were the resultant of several causes: the classic beauty of Grace Hall, never before seen to such advantage; the large and expectant assemblage; the presence of so many of the families and next-of-kin of the "glorious Forty-five"; the soul-lifting music, beautifully rendered by an augmented choir of men's voices, accompanied by the great organ and the brass instruments of a military band; the moving oration of Professor Bliss Perry; the exhilarating address of General Wood; and the generous tribute to Williams from a representative of her friendly rival at Amherst, the Governor of the Commonwealth, fresh from his victory for law and order in Boston. But the most impressive thing of all was when, after the reading by the President of the Roll of Honor, there came to the ears of the hushed audience the sound of "taps" from a distant bugle.

The Williams Medal was designed by James E. Fraser, of New York. It has been awarded by

the Trustees of the College to all Williams men in good standing who served in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States, or of any of its allies, in the Great War, and to those who served overseas, in the uniform of the United States, and attached to any of the auxiliary services of the American Expeditionary Forces; and to the next-of-kin of the forty-five Williams men who died while serving their country, in any of those capacities.

* * *

This book has its inspiration in the following letter written by Dr. Franklin Carter to the Committee of Arrangements, a few days before his lamented death:

"I am writing to say that so memorable a meeting as that was—perhaps the most distinguished public performance that the college has ever known—ought to be preserved in a permanent form. All the details ought to be carefully exhibited with the fine addresses, not merely for those peculiarly honored then and there, but for the wider circle of the alumni, that all may have and hand down the record of that event."



VICTORY CELEBRATION

Order of Exercises

PROCESSIONAL—"Onward, Christian Soldiers"
and "Adeste Fideles".....*Sullivan*

DORING'S MILITARY BAND

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

VERSE I

AUDIENCE AND CHOIR

O say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;
O say, does the Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

VERSE II

CHOIR ALONE

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner—O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

VERSE III

AUDIENCE AND CHOIR

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-res-
cued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved
us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

INVOCATION

THE REVEREND JOHN S. ZELIE, D.D., WILLIAMS, '87

ADDRESS

PROFESSOR BLISS PERRY, LL.D., WILLIAMS, '81

ANTHEM—"Te Deum Laudamus". *John E. West*

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be
the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.
To thee, all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and all
the Powers therein.
To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy Glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.
The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world doth
acknowledge thee;

The Father, of an infinite Majesty;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou
didst humble thyself to be born of a Virgin.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all
believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory
of the Father.
We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou
hast redeemed with thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy Saints, in glory
everlasting.
O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.
Govern them, and lift them up for ever.
Day by day we magnify thee; and we worship thy
Name ever, world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us. O Lord, let thy mercy
be upon us, as our trust is in thee.
O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be con-
founded.

ADDRESS

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, LL.D., WILLIAMS, 1902

ROLL OF HONOR

PRESIDENT GARFIELD

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, FOR THE PRESIDENT
AND TRUSTEES

CONFERRING OF THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS ON HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

ADDRESS

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS,
HON. CALVIN COOLIDGE

HYMN—"God of Our
Fathers" *George William Warren*

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor thro' the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past;
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine.
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

Daniel C. Roberts

BENEDICTION

THE REVEREND JOHN S. ZELIE, D.D., WILLIAMS, '87

"THE MOUNTAINS"

RECESSATIONAL



THE WILLIAMS MEDAL

ROLL OF HONOR

1894

DAVID EVERETT WHEELER

1898

JOSEPH WILLIAM McCONNELL

1899

FANCHER NICOLL

1901

PAUL LEGGETT

1903

ALBERT ADAMS SERCOMB

1905

WILLIAM SMITH PETTIT

1908

JAMES BURCH MURRAY
STANLEY WILLIS WOOD

1910

BELVIDERE BROOKS
EDWARD RAYNOR FULLER
WILHELMUS MYNDERSE RICE

1911

RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE

1912

CHARLES FRANCIS HAWKINS
BRANTON HOLSTEIN KELLOGG

1913*

MERRITT HAVILAND SMITH, JR.

1914

NORMAN DELAFIELD DUBOIS
VICKTOR HEATH JONES

* Edmund Albro Kellogg, '13, died on January 10, 1920, from disease contracted in service in France.

ROLL OF HONOR—*Continued*

HENRY MANCHESTER LADD, JR.
FRANCIS ROBBINS McCOOK
ROLAND CROSBY NICKERSON
ROBERT PARKER STAATS, 2ND
WILLIAM BRADFORD TURNER

1915

RAYMOND CURTIS BLOOM
BARRON BRAINERD
HAROLD FREDERICK COWPERTHWAITE
IRA WILLARD DEMPSEY
DANIEL SCHNECK KELLER
JOHN COWPERTHWAITE TYLER
ROWLAND WESTCOTT WATERBURY

1916

DONALD FREDERICK GEDDES
RICHARD BURTON ROCKWOOD

1917

ALEXANDER THOMSON BURR
THOMAS RIPLEY DORR
WILLIAM BOGARDUS MERSELIS, JR.
WINTHROP FLOYD SMITH

1918

AMHERST WIGHT MEEKER
RICHARD JAMES O'BRIEN
FREDERICK DOBSON POLLARD
LAMBERT ALEXANDER WOOD

1919

RICHARD ASHLEY BLODGETT
MALCOLM GIFFORD, JR.
ALBERT CLINTON WUNDERLICH

1920

DONALD GUILD BISHOP
WILLIAM HEERMANCE PRIME

1921

HARRY ABRAM SCHECTMAN



BLISS PERRY, LL.D., '81

ADDRESS
OF
BLISS PERRY, LL.D., '81

Mr. President, Guests of the College, Sons of Williams:

THIS is a day of pride,—pride in the living, pride in the sacred dead. We lift our hearts, for this hour at least, above the ache of private sorrow, above war-weariness, above disillusion, above the clamor of voices counselling selfishness and fear. We lift them to the high, clear places,—higher even than these circling hills, cleaner even than this mountain air,—where Honor dwells, and Duty, and where Service and Sacrifice seem no longer dark mysteries, but stand sunlit and glorious.

We meet as Williams men, to give honor to other men of Williams, luckier than we were,—who served in the Army and Navy and Marine Corps of the United States or of her Allies in the Great War. It is college loyalty, primarily, which has prompted this celebration: and college loyalty, like all vital things, escapes logical analysis and definition. No one has ever defined the Yale spirit, the Princeton spirit, the Harvard spirit, in such a way as to make it recognizable outside of that particular family. And I shall not attempt

to describe the Williams spirit, even for the benefit of our guests. As individuals, we represent, like all groups of college-trained men, every conceivable variety of political and social opinion. We are conservatives or liberals, Bourbons or radicals, as the result of inheritance, circumstance, and experience with the confused epoch in which we are living. The bonds that hold us together often seem slight enough: the consciousness of a common discipline, a few common memories, and the debtor's vague sense of owing something to our Alma Mater. Divided inevitably as we are in so many things, we confess that we share certain prejudices,—a prejudice, for instance, in favor of law and order, whether it be in the Balkans or in Boston. And we are absolutely one in the sentiment that brings us here to-day. That sentiment is Williams loyalty to the United States as it entered the World War and emerged from it triumphant.

Why was it, many college men have asked, that Williams made such an extraordinary record in that struggle? Was it the example of her soldier founder? Was it the influence of the place itself? Or was it the character of the training here received, a training which in the twentieth century has laid its chief emphasis upon citizenship?

No one can answer adequately. Perhaps it was all three of these influences, each reinforcing the others. Let me illustrate. The medals to be awarded to-day bear upon one side the Founder's name. I remember how, as a small boy, and afterward as an undergraduate, I used to de-

cipher the words upon the memorial tablet which hung then in a dark corner of the "Old Chapel," but which is now restored to its original position in Griffin Hall: "To the memory of the gallant and generous Col. Ephraim Williams." All of our antiquarian research into the life and character of the Founder adds but little to those fine words chosen to describe him in 1828: "gallant and generous." And on the obverse of the medal are the figures of the charging troops, and the legend: "*For Humanity, 1918.*

Now, see how closely the past and the present touch hands. Ephraim Williams, a competent but unlucky officer, haunted with premonitions of failure and death, falls at the first volley of an inconclusive engagement, in that dark summer that had just witnessed the defeat of Brad-dock. He was a Colonial Englishman, fighting for King George the Second, a German prince who spoke poorer English than was used by the farmers on these Massachusetts hills. Colonel Williams comprehended imperfectly—and indeed no one could foresee in 1755—the full significance of that frontier struggle between the rival empires of France and England for the control of this continent. We cannot even know whether—had his life been spared for another score of years—he would have remained a Loyalist, like so many of his intimate friends, or, like others of his comrades, and as we surely prefer to fancy, he would have taken the Rebel side. All that we surely know is this—and it is enough—that he made a far-seeing will at Albany and died a

brave death at Lake George, and that his name has become, to all of us who are children of the college, a symbol for service—service to one's country, service to humanity. He died a childless man. How little could he have imagined that after a few brief generations the sons of France, then his mortal enemy, and the sons of England—to him the Mother Land—would be fighting side by side in Europe, backed by 2,000,000 American soldiers, and that on all that battle-front no boys would make a finer showing than his "dream-children," the sons he never saw—but yet the true sons of Ephraim Williams!

That war, like every tragedy, was a test of character already formed. Men are not made over by earthquake and pestilence, they are suddenly revealed for what they are. No one who knew American college students doubted their courage or their patriotism. But aside from the men undergoing regular athletic training, the physical condition of undergraduates and recent graduates often seemed far from "fit," and their ability to give close and continuous mental application to uncongenial tasks was sometimes doubted by their instructors. But when the hour for action came, the American college-bred man showed his real quality. The slouch of body and mind was chiefly a bit of boyish affectation. Study the tables of rejection for physical disability throughout the country, and compare them with the percentages of college men accepted for military service. The college physique had not grown "soft." That was a myth.

The college-bred mind had not become impractical and inefficient. That was another myth. Almost precisely half of the 200,000 officers receiving commissions in the war—and more than two-thirds of the line officers—were schooled in officers' training camps, made up largely from college men. We are proud of the high percentage of commissions won by Williams College in these camps. Of the 385 Williams men who were trained there previous to the establishment of the S. A. T. C., 85% received commissions. But we are proud for the very reason that they were holding their own, and rather more than their own, in splendid company. Among the many unexpected lessons taught by the war, one of the most exhilarating is this vindication of the American college as a school for citizenship in the republic, for giving youth, as Milton desired long ago, "a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

You will not expect me then, even in the intimacy of this family gathering, to claim that Williams men displayed in the Great War any peculiar type of heroism, any private brand of devotion to the nation. Heroism and devotion, thank God, were common as the air. They were not the property of the educated classes only. If there is anything more unlovely than the man who says, "I am holier than thou," it is the man or the group that proclaims, "I am more patriotic than thou, and I have the figures to prove it."

No, gentlemen, there is glory enough to go around, and if we count up to-day some measure of our own share of it, it is with the full knowledge that other colleges have likewise their treasures of proud memory. The more they have, the better for us all. Yet while they are counting their roll of children who were ready for the call of duty, we will count ours, too. The formal and complete history of Williams in the war is now in preparation. Many of the data for that history have already been laid before you in the serial issues of "Ephraim Williams: a Soldier," and in the printed reports of President Garfield and of Acting President Wild. It will be sufficient if I remind you of a few outstanding facts.

The acts of war by Germany against the United States were formally recognized as such by the two houses of Congress on April 4 and 6, 1917. President Garfield instantly offered to the Government our grounds, buildings, and equipment for use as a training camp, should the military authorities desire it. The Williams unit of the R. O. T. C. had already been established in March. Many of our students, in fact, had attended the Plattsburg training camps in 1916, and some had enlisted in the armies of the Allies. Throughout May and June, 1917, undergraduates streamed away from college into the service of the American army and navy. But a large body of them, mostly under what was then considered the military age, continued their training in the summer camp, under the efficient direction of Major

Pew and his associates. Then came the college year of 1917-18, with its ever increasing emphasis upon drill; then the second summer camp; then the great nation-wide experiment with the S. A. T. C., an experiment which worked better at Williams than it did in most colleges, thanks to a unique location, a homogeneous student-body, a devoted and resourceful teaching force, and an excellent commanding officer.

But by the summer of 1918 a majority of Williams men of military age were already in the army and navy. Here are the figures. Previous to the armistice we counted about 2,912 living graduates, about 996 living non-graduates, and some 611 undergraduates who were over eighteen years of age. In addition about 40 Williams men had up to that time given their lives in the service of their country. Of this total of about 4,529 Williams men, over 1,700, or 37½%, were in the military service of the United States or one of its Allies. You will observe that these figures do not indicate the several hundred men who were serving with the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and other auxiliary services—though there are Red Cross men upon this platform this morning who showed as much heroism as any soldiers in the line. If you deduct from the living alumni the men graduated before 1900, that is, the men 40 years old and upward, the proportion of men in the service rises to 60%. The record of the classes between 1910 and 1917 is almost 80%, and the class of 1917, graduating 103 men, had 101, I am informed, in actual military service.

Such is one part of the record of our Alma Mater. We believe it to be unmatched by that of any other college. There are indeed some technical schools, specializing in military training, whose records of enlistment may ultimately be found to challenge comparison with ours. When all the American records are made up, upon a uniform statistical basis, if any college shall be found to surpass Williams, the sons of the gallant and generous Colonel will be the first to offer a salute.

But, gentlemen, the spirit of patriotism transcends all petty statistical rivalry. We must not juggle with the arithmetic of Heaven. Mathematical computations of sacrifice have been discounted ever since the day when a certain poor widow cast more into the treasury than many rich men, because she gave all she had. Forty-five of our Williams brethren gave all; the men before us to-day offered all; and behind them stand a great company, undecorated and perhaps unknown, who did what they could. The list of decorations and citations is indeed a long one. Nearly fifty Williams men received the Croix de Guerre, ten the Distinguished Service Cross of the United States, two the Congressional Medal of Honor, and one the Legion of Honor of France. I pass over the acts of individual heroism, for they will be told and retold as long as Williams men gather. But I know that if the decorated men before me were speaking, they would be the first to remind you, with the magnanimity of youth, that not all of the Williams

men had the same chance. When a mother welcomes home her sons, she does not ask whether they are distinguished or undistinguished, successful or unsuccessful. They are her boys, and she takes them all to her impartial heart. I am thinking of many a private who might have made a good officer, of many a young lieutenant and captain at Camp Devens whose over-seas assignment never came. But the Alma Mater says of such men, with tender pride:

“He was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally.”

Hundreds of our civilian alumni, likewise, spent themselves without limit in the various activities essential to the conduct of the war. We were told that for every man in the front-line trenches there were needed from 20 to 30 men organized for that one man's support. The spear-head that thrust at St. Mihiel and through the Argonne needed a long shaft, and the shaft was held steady at home. In that superb display of energy and resourcefulness which characterized our national effort, the brains and heart and training of Williams civilians told. Many of them worked without much publicity—on draft boards, Liberty Loan committees, and in the direction of industries essential to the war. Some of them were called to high station, to perform difficult and unpopular tasks, and to face that black storm of criticism which hovers clamorously in every war behind the men who act—as

carrion birds hover over a battle-field. Yet if there were here and there a slacker—I do not say that there were such among Williams men—a slacker who wasted his strength in detraction of the government and criticism of the army and navy, while better men than he were toiling and dying for the common cause, let us leave him for to-day alone with his conscience. For our thoughts march forward this morning in step with Victory.

The Williams Medal eternalizes in bronze a clear, proud vision of what was concretely done in the World War. Let us not tarnish it to-day and here by any breath of cynicism and pessimism. History tells us that cynicism and pessimism follow in the wake of every great conflict, as the inevitable human reaction from the strain. It was true of Europe after 1815, of the United States after 1865. The high tide of idealism ebbs; generosity of mind becomes rarer than gallantry; men forget those words, "For humanity," that are stamped upon this bronze. No Williams man who has earned that medal will join the selfish and un-American disparagement of stanch England and glorious France. Leave that to the sordid politicians who hope to buy votes with it. If Europe is still to be saved from collapse, France and Great Britain and the United States must continue to hold together. The supreme achievement of the men whom we are honoring is that they fought with our Allies to kill a hideous conception of human society, a theory of the State which ran counter to the best instincts

of human nature. Men are divided at this hour, not so much into black and white, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, as into those who perceive, and those who fail to perceive, that a new mode of thinking has taken possession of the forward-looking minds of Europe and America. The foes of civilization are they who would put the selfish interest of a single nation or imperial group of nations above the interests of humanity as a whole. The epitome and symbol of that theory was Prussia, dominating as she did the Central Empires, and you and I have seen the old Prussia go down even as Assyria and Babylon. And the men who are here to receive our poor expression of praise and affection helped France and England to strike her down, and to clear the roadway of human society for a better future.

A new world, gentlemen of the Alumni, is slowly and painfully arising out of the old. The day will come when Americans will look back to the Veterans of the World War, to the civilians who did their full duty in that conflict, and to the President, an adopted son of Williams, upon whose shoulders rested the terrific, the crushing burdens of a commander-in-chief, as we now look back to Washington, Hamilton, Madison and their associates who secured our independence and wrought the framework of our Federal government. The bitter animosities of that Revolutionary period survive solely for the amusement of antiquarians. The big things grow bigger and the small things grow smaller, as the

years go by. Out of the tragedy of the World War—the most appalling tragedy our planet has ever known—has come a realization of the solidarity of human society, and the necessity of closer organization if any civilization whatever is to endure.

But you and I believe that it will endure. That is why this medal is cast in bronze. We refuse to be caught in the back-wash of any ebbing tide. We refuse to admit that the lamp of idealism is going out. We should be recreant sons of the Founder if we had no faith in the future. We have that faith. It is lighted up this morning with the glow of Victory. Yet we believe that our children and grandchildren, coming back to these hills, and knowing what record Williams College made in the World War, will perceive even better than we that these friends of ours were the safeguarders and builders of civilization. And it is our gracious privilege this morning to look into the eyes of these fellow alumni, and join with all the generations of the future in their praise. Honor to them now, and honor be theirs forevermore!

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MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

ADDRESS
OF
MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

*President Garfield, Fellow Williams Men, Ladies
and Gentlemen:*

I FEEL very much honored to have been asked to come here to-day to give to the men of Williams College who have had service in war, the war medals which the college has awarded. The record of American colleges in the World War is a proud one. The university men have rendered splendid and efficient service in every field of activity—at home and over-sea, ashore and afloat. You men, who have represented Williams College in the war, have discharged your duties in such a way as to reflect great credit not only upon yourselves, but upon the college, and every Williams man is proud of the work you have done. The spirit of the college has been that of service and sacrifice, and you have worthily represented this spirit and lived up to our best military traditions. In honoring you, the college honors all who have served the country in the great world crisis which has just passed. You have done your duty in the war, and have done it well. Now with the coming

problems of peace, we must have the same co-operation, the same standing shoulder to shoulder of all classes, the same common purpose. During the war it was victory over the enemy that we strove for; now it must be a rapid readjustment of conditions resulting from the war, the building up of business, the re-establishment of commerce and trade, and the prompt, effective and earnest discharge of those civic duties which are incumbent upon all good Americans.

We must avoid loose-fibered internationalism as we would avoid death. We must keep our feet on the ground, our ideals high, and our eyes on God, and hold on to the policies and traditions which have made us what we are; build up a strong American spirit, and behind it the right kind of an American conscience.

Problems have sprung up in this State, ugly problems, and thank Heaven we have had a man who was not afraid to meet them—a governor who did not stop to count presumptive votes before acting.

We have labor problems, and the only way to solve them is by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as we would be done by." Treat labor fairly and deal with these problems through publicity which will form public opinion and pave the way to the election of men who can deal with these problems.

Although we must do what we can for Europe, we must also take notice of things at home. Support law and order. Liberty, yes, but liberty within the law, never outside. There is room

for only one flag in this country, and that is the flag which our boys followed into battle. There is no room for the red flag. Kill it as you would a rattlesnake. And we want but one language in our country, the language of the Constitution. English should be taught, and English only should be spoken in the grades below high school. That is the only way to make these people who have come to us from other countries, truly American and a part of us.

And so I place before you these points: Steadiness, law and order, the support of the Constitution, the cultivation of the American spirit and the demonstration before the world that America has the conscience which will always make her act aright.

As a soldier, I am glad to be here and greet you, for most of you have been in the military service of the Nation. You are now returning to civil life. You typify the soldier of the Republic who makes up the bulk of our armies—the citizen in arms; the men who, in a great crisis, form the loyal army of the Republic. The Nation will look to you for advice and counsel as to our military policy. Remember the things you have gone through; the difficulties of your training; visualize what would have happened had it not been for the protection and assistance of the Allies during that period in which we were almost wholly without preparation.

You must stand for Law and Order; the rights of property; for government under the Constitution; no class legislation; no autocracy of

wealth nor of labor, but a real democracy of both, characterized by the spirit of co-operation and helpfulness.

We must do all we can to keep up friendly relations with the Allies, beside whom we fought the Great War. He who strives to destroy this feeling is one who betrays the dead, and, in a measure, the cause they fought for, and tends to make their sacrifice unavailing. We must work for Americanization; for one flag, one language and one loyalty; and that an undivided loyalty to the American people; for America first.

You are an honor to your country and to your college. Good luck to you through all the years to come!

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CALVIN COOLIDGE, LL.D.
Governor of Massachusetts

CONFERRING DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS
UPON GOVERNOR COOLIDGE

PRESIDENT GARFIELD:

I present for the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, the Governor of the Commonwealth. By profession a lawyer; by preference a student of the science of government; a statesman practiced in the art of governing, elected to many offices of trust and honor, in city, county and the commonwealth; in each performing services of high order, but none of greater value to the Republic than in making clear and preserving the distinction between public duty and private right.

His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth was then invested with the hood of the Degree of Doctor of Laws, by Professors Weston and Johnson, after which he spoke as follows:

ADDRESS
OF
GOVERNOR COOLIDGE

THESE speaks here with the voice of immortality one who loved Massachusetts. On every side arise monuments to that enduring affection bred not of benefits received but of services rendered, of sacrifices made, that the

Province of Massachusetts Bay might live enlightened and secure. A bit of parchment has filled libraries. A few hundred dollars has enriched generations. The spirit of a single liberty-loving soldier has raised up a host that has shaken the earth with its martial tread laying low the hills but exalting the valleys. Here Colonel Ephraim Williams still executes his will, still disposes of his patrimony, still leads the soldiers of the free to an enduring victory, and with a power greater than the sword stands guard on the frontier marches of the Commonwealth.

Honor compels that honor be recognized. In compliance with that requirement this day has been set apart by this institution of letters in testimony of the merit of her sons. Nearly one-half of her living alumni were under the direct service of the nation in the Great War. Into all branches of the service, civil and military, they went from the alumni, from the classrooms, from the Faculty, up to President Garfield himself who served as the director of the Fuel Administration. From America and her Allies has come the highest of recognition, conferred by citation, awards and decorations. Their individual deeds of valor I shall not relate. They are known to all. Advisedly I say that they have not been surpassed among men. Their heroism was no less heroic because it was unconscious there or because of befitting modesty it is unostentatious here. There was yet a courage unequalled by the most momentous dangers, which were met by those now marked with fame and a capacity in

the others which would have matched equal events with equal fortitude. In the most grateful recognition of all this, to the living and the dead, by their Alma Mater the Commonwealth of Massachusetts reverently joins.

But this day, if it is truly to represent the spirit of this college, means more than a glorification of the past. It was by a stern determination to discharge the duties of the present that Ephraim Williams provided for a future filled with a glory that must not yet be termed complete. His thoughts were not on himself nor on material things. Had he chosen to inscribe his name upon a monument of granite or of bronze it would have gone the way of all the earth. Enlightening the soul of his fellow man, he made his mark which all eternity cannot erase. A soldier, he did not "put his trust in reeking tube and iron shard" to save his countrymen, but like Solomon chose first knowledge and wisdom, and to his choice has likewise been added a splendor of material prosperity.

Earth's great lesson is written here. In it all men may read the interpretation of the Founder of this college, of the meaning of America, of the motive high and true which has inspired her soldiers. Not unmindful of a desire for economic justice but scorning sordid gain, not seeking the spoils of war but a victory of righteousness, they came, subordinating the finite to the infinite, placing their trust in that which does not pass away. This precept heretofore observed must not be abandoned now. A desire for the earth and

the fullness thereof must not lure our people from their truer selves. Those who seek for a sign merely in a greatly increased material prosperity, however worthy that may be, disappointed through all the ages, will be disappointed now. Men find their true satisfaction in something higher, finer, nobler than all that. We sought no spoils from war; let us seek no spoil from peace. Let us remember Babylon and Carthage and that city which her people, flushed with purple pride, dared call Eternal.

This college and her sons have turned their eyes resolutely toward the morning. Above the roar of reeking strife they hear the voice of the Founder. Their actions have matched their vision. They have seen. They have heard. They have done. I thank you for receiving me into their company, so romantic, so glorious, and for enrolling me as a soldier in the Legion of Colonel Ephraim Williams.

[*From the Harvard Alumni Bulletin, November, 1919*]

AS SEEN BY HARVARD

TWO weeks ago Williams College celebrated its "Victory Day," in honor of the sons of the college who had taken part in the war. At the hands of General Leonard Wood, one of the speakers on this occasion, himself an honorary alumnus of Williams, the trustees of the college presented to several hundred participants in the war, and to fathers, wives, and other representatives of the score of those who had given their lives, a medal commemorating their association with Williams and the great cause. To the large number of those unable to attend the celebration in person, medals were to be duly forwarded. Fitting music, and supremely fitting words from Professor Bliss Perry and Governor Coolidge, brought home to the large gathering in the chief assembly hall of the college, so beautifully set amidst the surrounding hills, the full meaning of the day.

There was no boasting that Williams had surpassed its sister colleges of America in its contribution to the war, notable as that contribution was. The dignity and solemn beauty of the celebration, perhaps the first of its kind in an American college, seemed therefore to extend the circle of celebrants so that it could include the sons of

many an Alma Mater. Much that was said and suggested with regard to the war service of Williams men, and to the continuing struggle towards righteousness which confronts us all, might have been addressed with equal appositeness to almost any academic audience in America.

[*From the Boston Transcript, October 17, 1920*]

THE GOVERNOR AT WILLIAMS

THE first acclaim of victory may have died away, but strong echoes still come from it. Meaningful and clear they were heard to-day in the Berkshires as Williams College held its special exercises of celebration and commemoration. A report of them will be found on another page of this issue and it will be seen to include the full text of the speech made by His Excellency Calvin Coolidge, Governor of the Commonwealth, who went to Williamstown to-day to share in the celebration and to receive at the hands of the college its highest honor, the degree of Doctor of Laws. The address of the Governor should be read for its every word, yet the heart of it is best revealed by his all but concluding paragraph:

“Earth’s great lesson is written here. In it all men may read the interpretation of the Founder of this college, of the meaning of America, of the motive high and true which has inspired her soldiers. Not unmindful of a desire for economic justice but scorning sordid gain, not seeking the

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Never, we believe, has greater service been done by one college to another than Governor Coolidge, graduate of Amherst, has here done for Williams, voicing the spirit of Williams in a way which must make every Williams man stir with a grateful pride. As the Governor advances to the larger applications of his theme, seldom, as we believe, has the true gospel of Americanism been better expressed as it is written in history, and never a message brought, and a challenge uttered, more pertinent and more needful to the immediate times in which America lives at this day.

[*From the Richmond (Va.) Journal, October 13, 1919*]

DUTY AND SERVICE OF COLLEGE MEN

THROUGH misty eyes one reads of the gallantry of the young heroes whose next of kin will receive for them the "Williams Medal," which Williams College will award at the Victory celebration next Friday, October 17. There were 1,726 Williams men enrolled in the military organization of the United States, and of the complement forty-four made the great sacrifice. Major General Leonard Wood will make the presentation address—he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Williams in 1902—and Professor Bliss Perry, LL.D., of the class of '81, now professor of English literature at Harvard University, will deliver the oration. Probably, best known of all who represented Williams College on the battlefields of France is Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey, the leader of the "Lost Battalion," upon whom congress bestowed the congressional medal of honor. Colonel Whittlesey was a member of the class of 1905, and was known as a modest and unassuming student. But it was Lieutenant Bradford Turner, of the class of 1914, for three years on the football team, the story of whose prowess causes the blood to tingle and the eyes to smart. He was killed when leading his company in an attack against the Hindenburg line, September 29, 1918. In announcing the posthumous award of the

Medal of Honor, Major-General O'Ryan, of the Twenty-seventh Division, said:

"Single-handed, he rushed an enemy machine gun, which had suddenly opened fire on his group, and killed the crew with his pistol. He then pressed forward to another machine gun post twenty-five yards away, and had killed one gunner himself by the time the remainder of the detachment arrived and put the gun out of action. With the utmost bravery he continued to lead his men over three lines of hostile trenches, cleaning up each one as they advanced, regardless of the fact that he had been wounded three times, and killed several of the enemy in hand-to-hand encounters. After his pistol ammunition was exhausted this gallant officer seized the rifle of a dead soldier, bayoneted several members of a machine gun crew and shot the others. Upon reaching the fourth line trench, which was his objective, Lieutenant Turner captured it with the nine men remaining in his group and resisted a hostile counter-attack until he was finally surrounded by the enemy and killed."

This is only one of many valorous deeds by Williams men for which splendid action the croix de guerre and the distinguished service medal were given. Both in the army and the navy Williams men upheld the tradition of their alma mater in glorious fashion, so that more than forty-five men received the croix de guerre, ten the distinguished service cross of the United





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